

CDC
DANGER AND ADVENTURE
No. 22

DANGER AND ADVENTURE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢

IN THIS ISSUE!

IBIS
THE INVINCIBLE

IN
"THE VIKING HORDE"



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

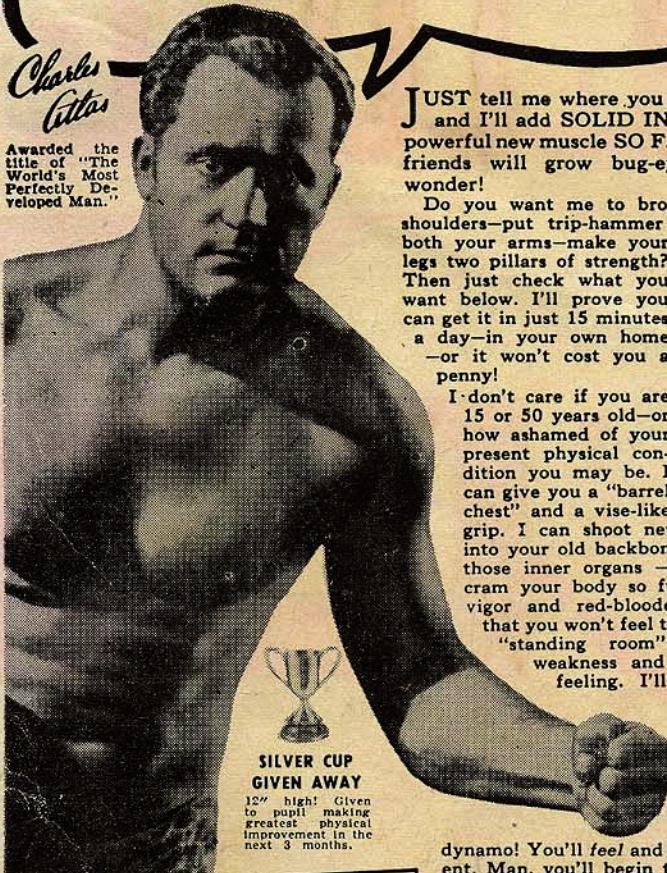


Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! **RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW**

...and I'll Prove How **EASILY** You Can Have It!

Charles
Atlas

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man."



Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.
"What a difference! I've put $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches on my chest (normal) and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even

"standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up with a **thata** sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll **feel** and **look** different. Man, you'll begin to **LIVE**!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

ARE YOU
Skinny, Weak and
run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to lose or gain weight?
**WHAT TO DO
ABOUT IT** is told
in my **FREE BOOK**

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD THE MUSCLE** and **VITALITY** you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-
Page Book. Just
Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over $3\frac{1}{2}$ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for **YOU**.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325L, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 325L

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- Broader Chest and Shoulders
- More Powerful Arms and Grip
- Slimmer Waist and Hips
- Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- More Powerful Leg Muscles
- Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name (Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

DANGER AND ADVENTURE

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LaRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES; SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This Is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

Alfred J. Fago

Executive Editor



THE NIGHT SHIFT TAKES OVER
IN A BUSY SHIPYARD, SOMEWHERE
ON THE COAST OF MAINE...

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, OLAF!
AN' DON'T TELL ME YOUR
VIKING ANCESTORS
BUILT A SHIP THAT
FAST OR STRONG?

NOOO, NOT THAT
FAST! BUT DEY BAN
STRONG BOATS!
DEY EVEN COME
OVER TO AMERICA
IN DEM!

THEY ARE SUDDENLY STARTLED BY BLOOD-CURDLING CRIES...

AHEEEY

ULP!

VIKINGS????

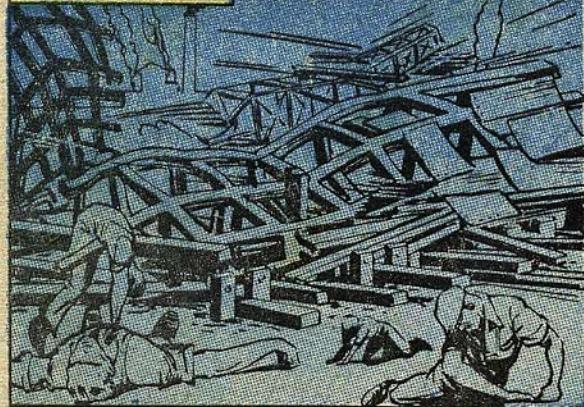


DANGER AND ADVENTURE

VIKINGS, WITH BULGING MUSCLES AND CARRYING CRUDE WEAPONS BEAR DOWN ON THEM.



NOTHING SEEMS TO STOP THE VIKINGS UNTIL THEY'VE CRUSHED EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH, THEN SILENTLY THEY FADE INTO THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT...



BUT, NOT FAR AWAY...

LOOK, TAIA! IBISTICK IS WARNING ME OF IMPENDING DANGER?

FOLLOW IT, MY PRINCE?

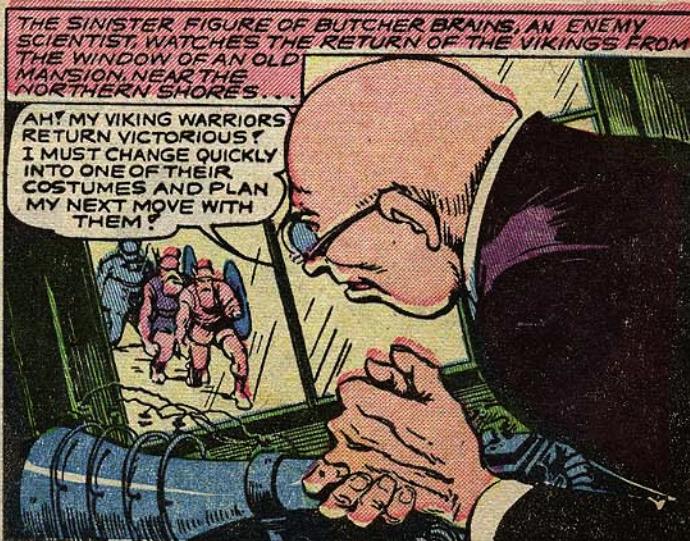


LEAD ON, IBISTICK!

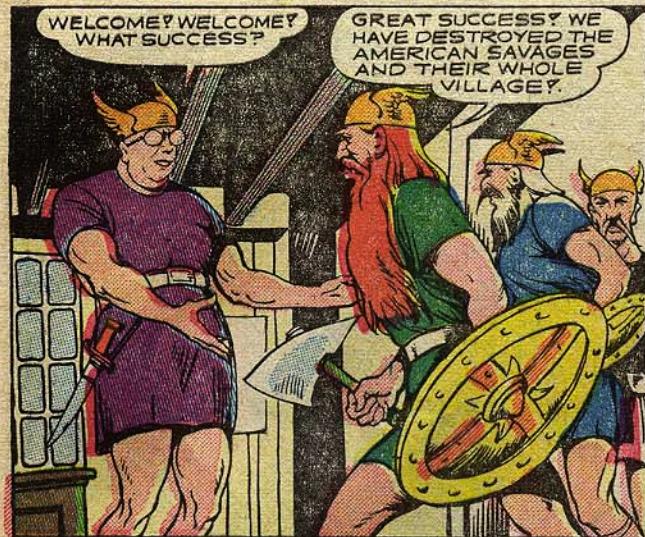


THE SINISTER FIGURE OF BUTCHER BRAINS, AN ENEMY SCIENTIST, WATCHES THE RETURN OF THE VIKINGS FROM THE WINDOW OF AN OLD MANSION, NEAR THE NORTHERN SHORES...

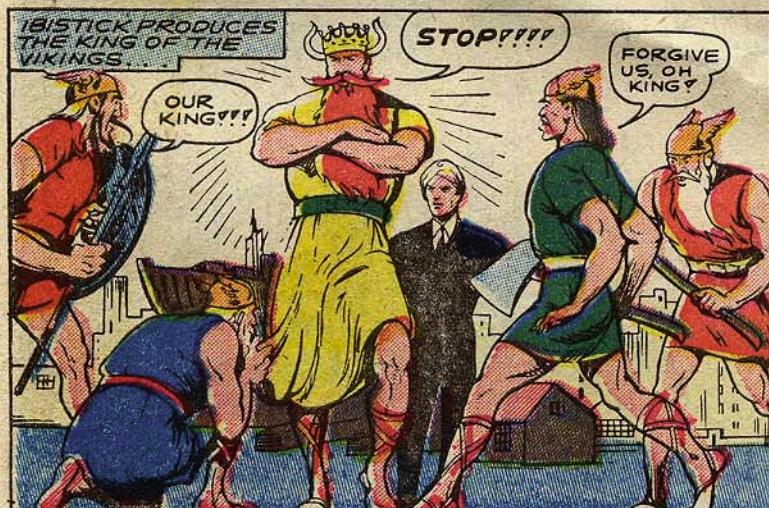
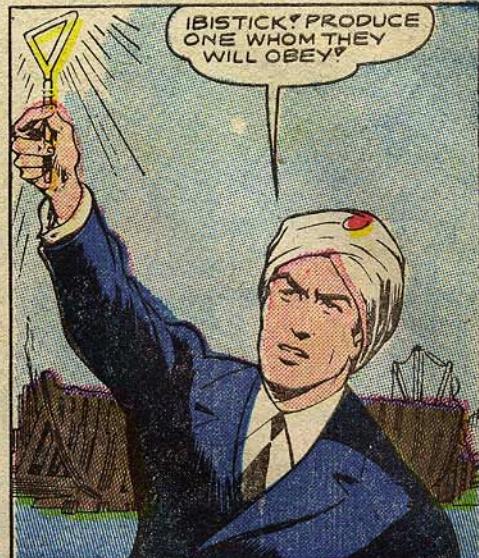
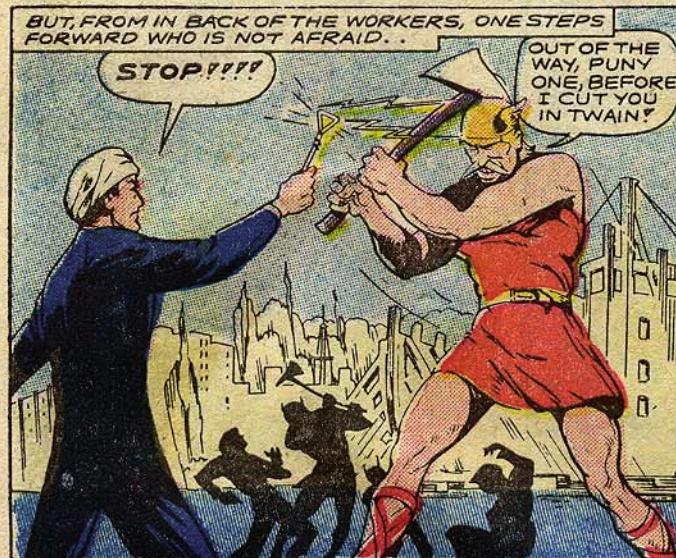
AH! MY VIKING WARRIORS RETURN VICTORIOUS! I MUST CHANGE QUICKLY INTO ONE OF THEIR COSTUMES AND PLAN MY NEXT MOVE WITH THEM!



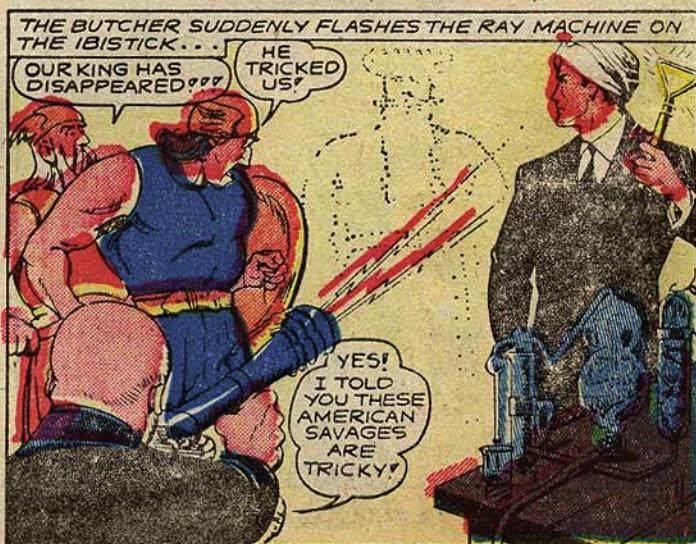
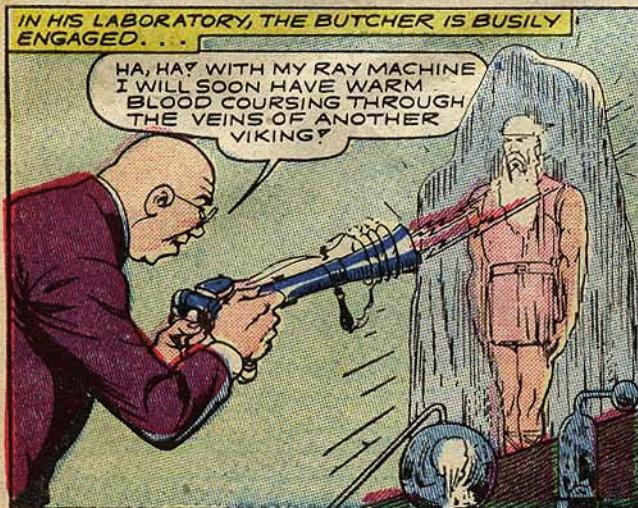
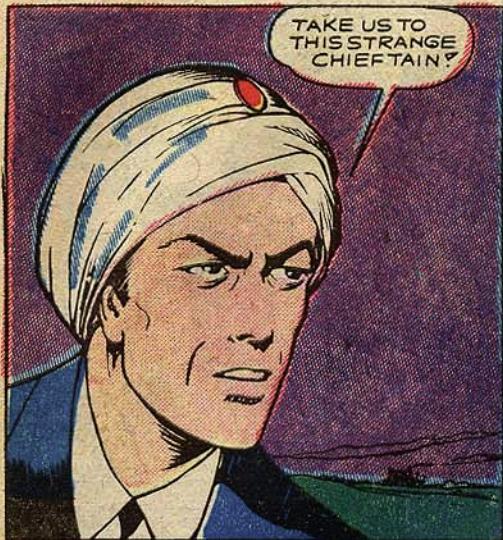
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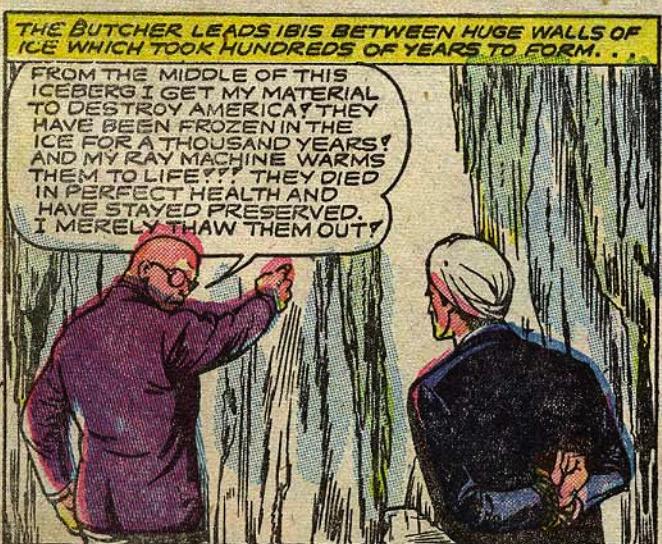
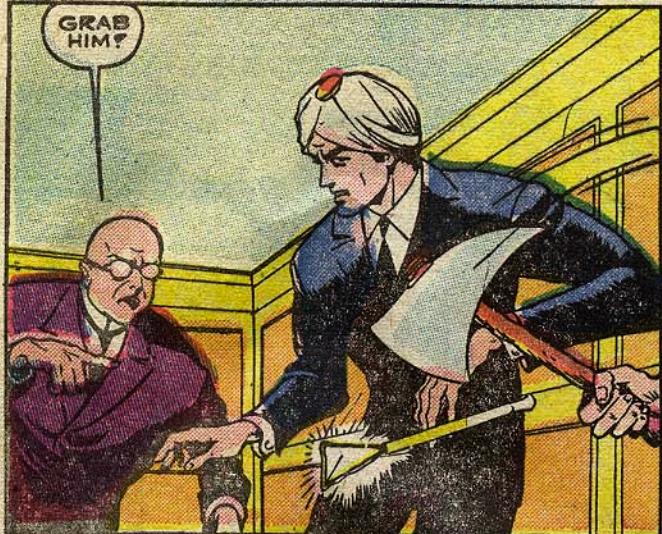
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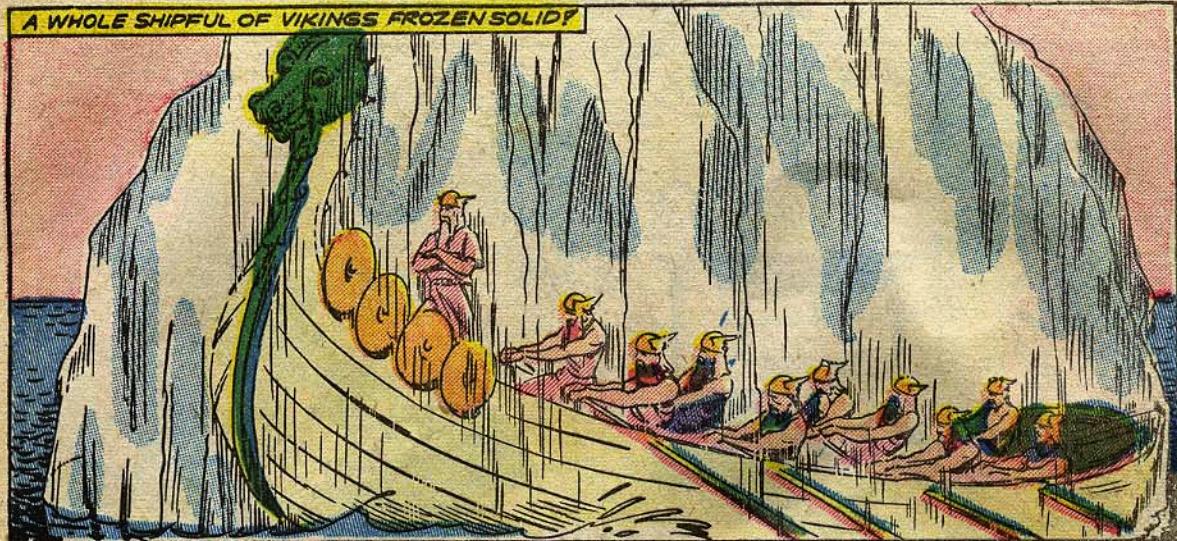


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A WHOLE SHIPFUL OF VIKINGS FROZEN SOLID!



SUDDENLY, THE FIENDISH BUTCHER SHOVES IBIS INTO A NICHE FROM WHERE HE HAD TAKEN ONE OF THE VIKINGS!

SOON YOU WILL BE FROZEN STIFF, IBIS! HA, HA! NO MORE WILL YOU INTERFERE IN MY PLANS OF DESTROYING AMERICA!



TAIA, HAVING SEEN IN HER CRYSTAL WHERE IBIS WAS, GOES TO THE OLD MANSION.

I HAVE A FEELING MY PRINCE IS IN NEED OF ME!



WHAT A DISMAL LOOKING PLACE!!! WHAT COULD HAVE BROUGHT MY PRINCE HERE? WHA...???

A BEAUTY!!!!



COME TO ME, MY BEAUTIFUL ONE!!!

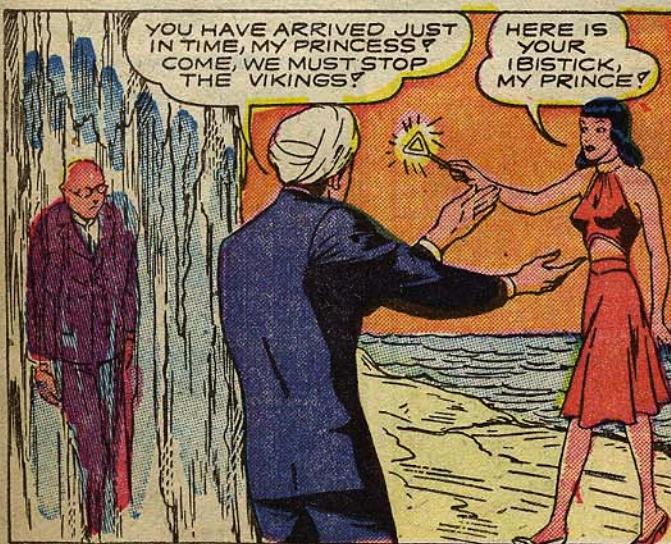
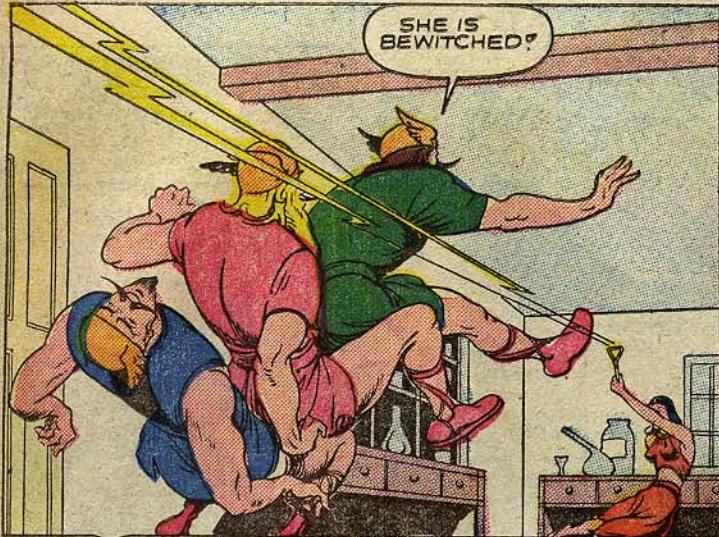
EEEEKKK!!!



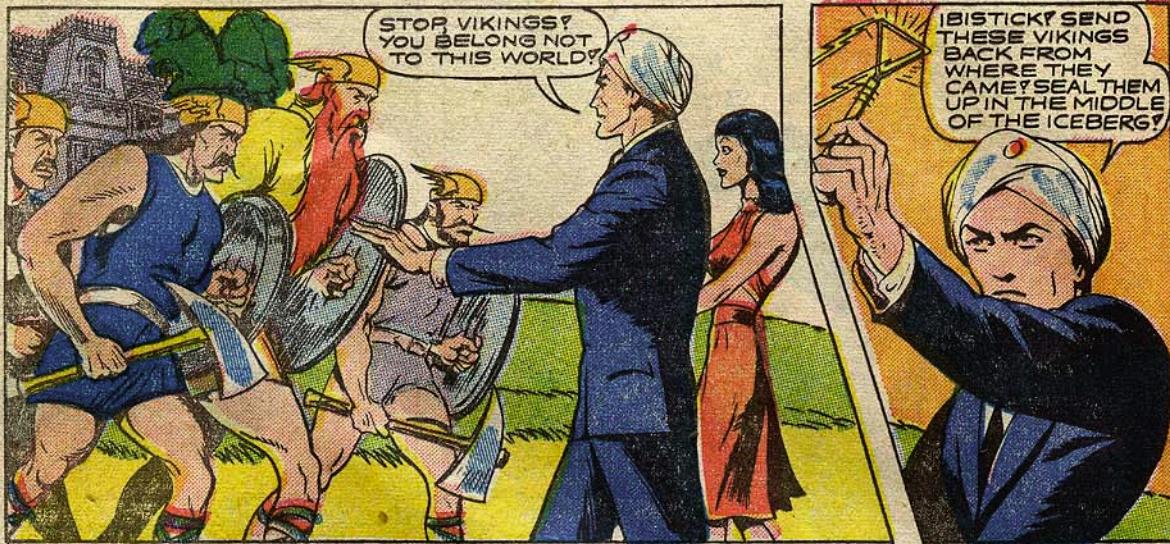
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DANGER AND ADVENTURE



**THE BLUE
BEETLE IS
BACK !!**

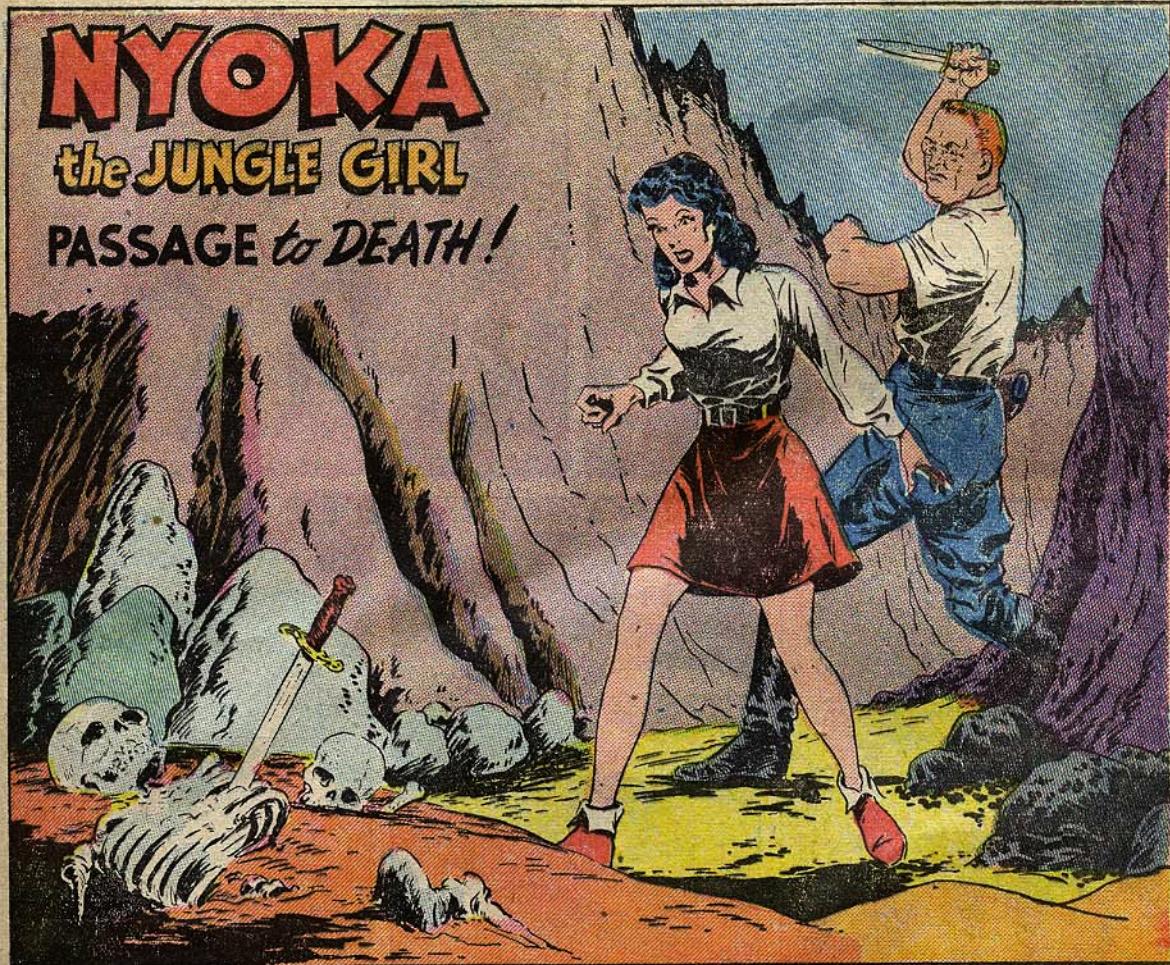
**AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND
NOW**

DANGER AND ADVENTURE

NYOKA

the JUNGLE GIRL

PASSAGE to DEATH!



SOMEWHERE DEEP IN AFRICA--

WE'VE BEEN TREKKING ALL DAY,
NYOKA, AND WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND
A DECENT LOCATION TO START
FILMING OUR PICTURE!

BE PATIENT, MR. WOODS. THIS
SECTION OF COUNTRY IS
NEW TO ME.



WHAT'S THE RUSH IN
FINDING A LOCATION?
I HAVEN'T WRITTEN
THE SCENARIO YET.
CAN'T EVEN GET
AN IDEA!

A NIGHT'S REST WILL DO
US ALL GOOD. THERE'S
A FINE CAMP SITE
JUST AHEAD!



DANGER AND ADVENTURE

SOON THE NATIVE PORTERS HAVE ERECTED THE TENTS
AND A FIRE IS LIGHTED.

I THOUGHT I'D GET SOME
IDEAS FROM THIS TRIP, BUT
EVERYTHING'S BEEN SO
TAME!

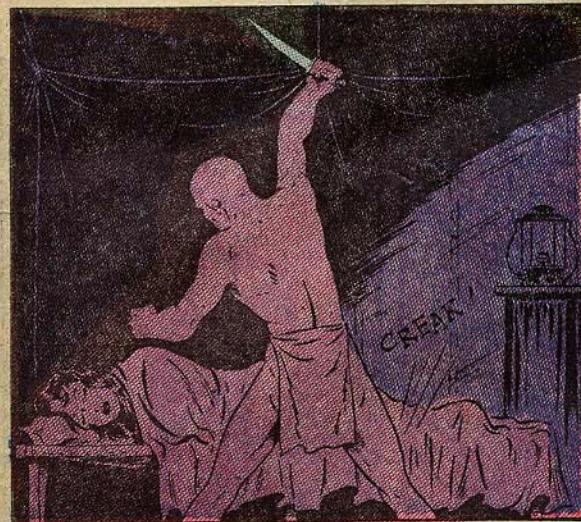
THIS COUNTRY ISN'T USUALLY
SO TAME, MR. GRAY. I
ADVISE YOU TO KEEP
YOUR EYES OPEN.

AND NO SOONER THAN NYOKA'S WORDS ARE UTTERED...

HELP!
A LION!
ROAR!



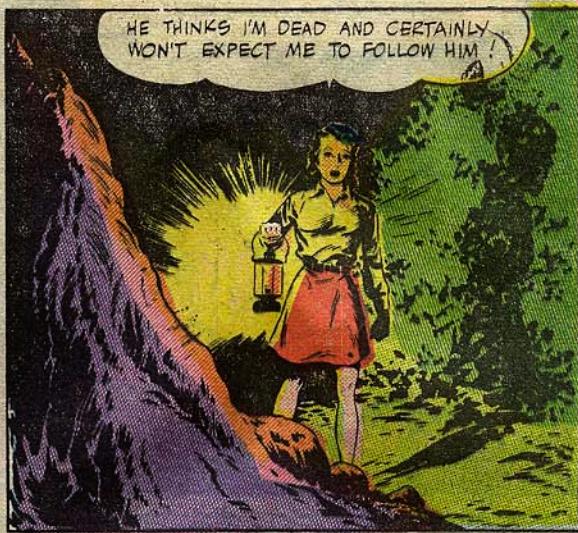
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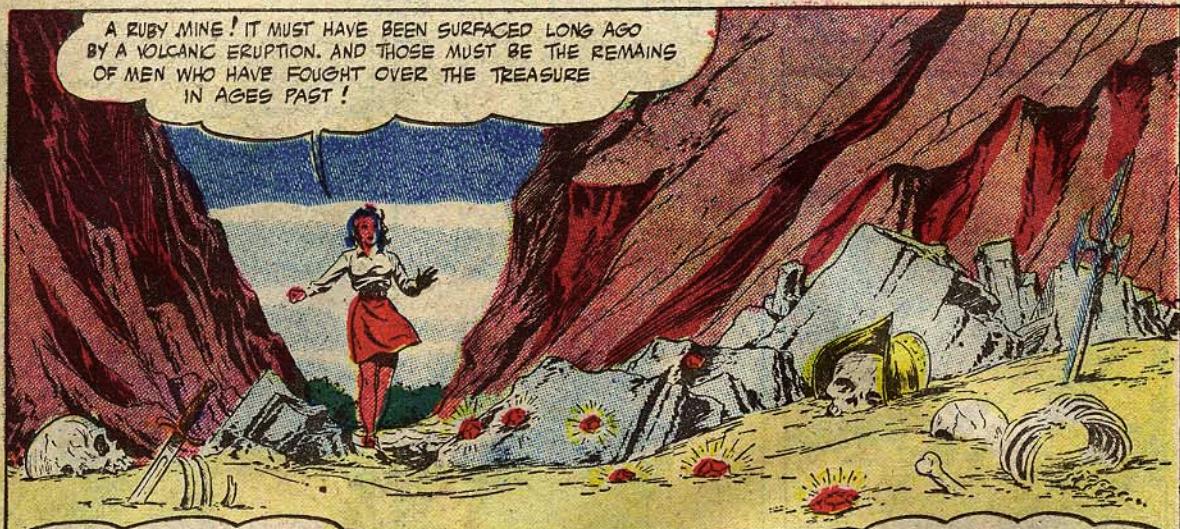


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A RUBY MINE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SURFACED LONG AGO BY A VOLCANIC ERUPTION. AND THOSE MUST BE THE REMAINS OF MEN WHO HAVE FOUGHT OVER THE TREASURE IN AGES PAST!



I'M BEGINNING TO REALIZE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! WHOEVER TRIED TO KILL ME THOUGHT I WAS LOOKING FOR THIS MINE INSTEAD OF JUST A LOCATION FOR MY PICTURE.



BUT AT THAT MOMENT—
SO YOU ARE STILL ALIVE! I'LL
FIX THAT! I FOUND THESE RUBIES
FIRST! NOBODY ELSE VILL
GET THEM!



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD GET DER RUBIES, HUH? VELL, YOU VILL ROT HERE, LIKE DER OTHERS WHO TRIED TO GET THEM!



THE EDGES OF THIS QUARTZ ROCK ARE SHARP AS KNIVES! IF I CAN GET THIS ROPE CUT...

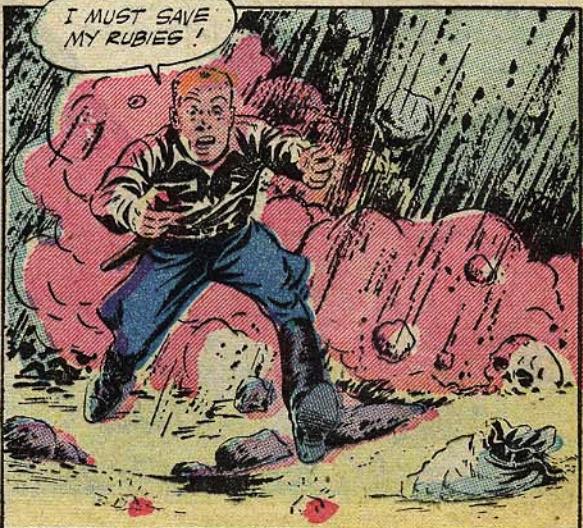
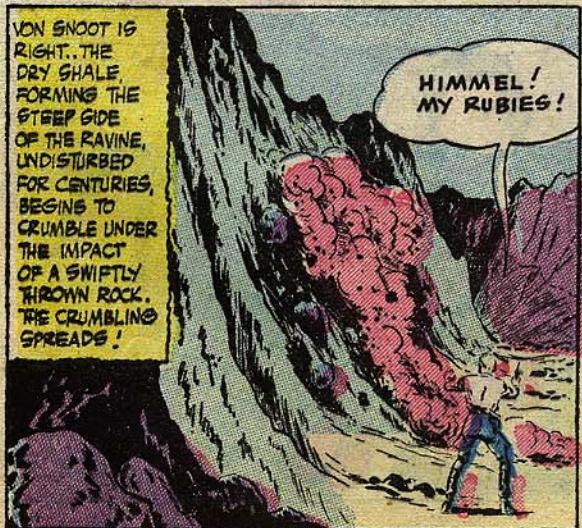
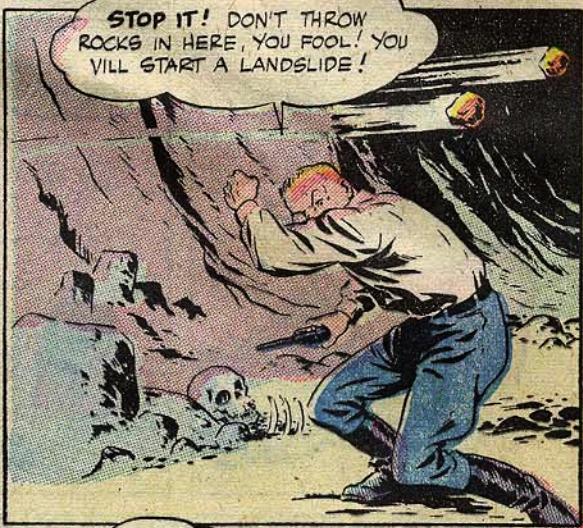


THERE! NOW IF I CAN GET MY FEET UNTIED...

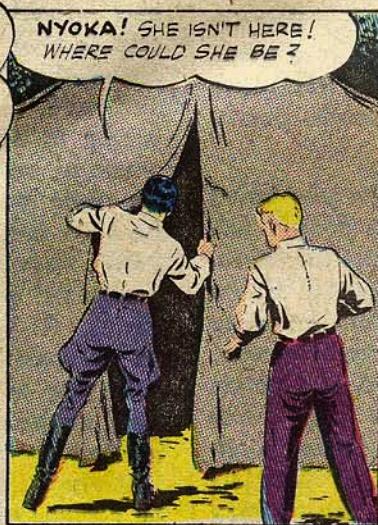
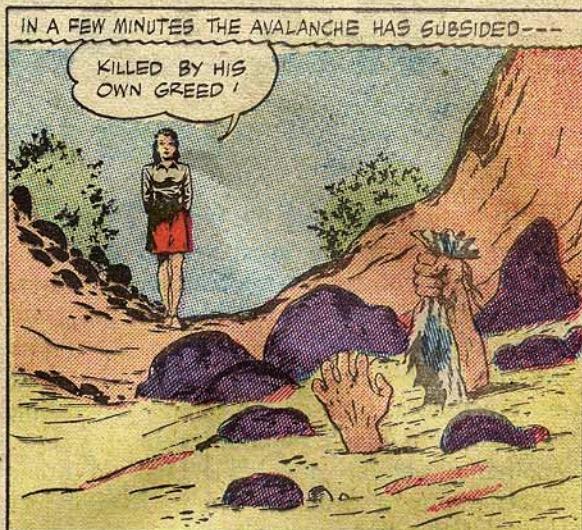
VOT YOU DOING DERE?



DANGER AND ADVENTURE



DANGER AND ADVENTURE



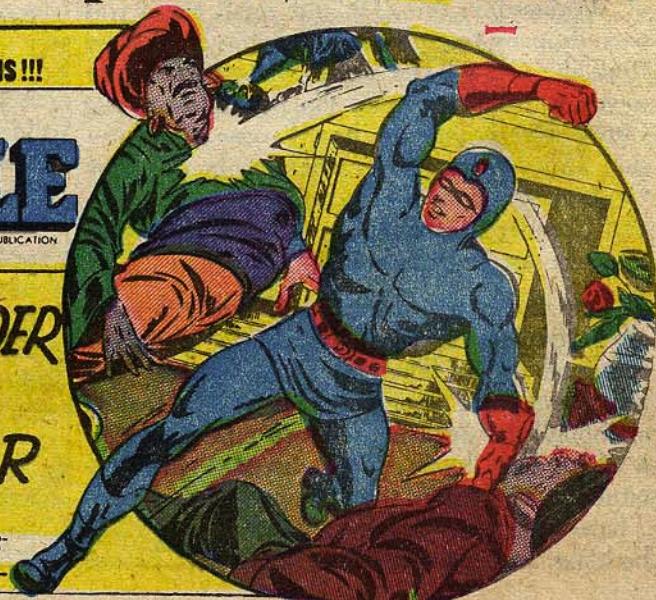
EXTRA!! the BLUE BEETLE RETURNS!!!

THE BLUE BEETLE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

AMERICA'S CRUSADER OF LAW AND ORDER

10¢ NOW AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND! 10¢



THE LAST PIRATE

A TRUE ADVENTURE STORY

THE very mention of the word "Pirate" at once brings to the mind several standardized scenes. You see a large boat on the water. Once she was quite respectable, but her crew mutinized and killed the captain. She now flies the terrible flag of the pirates, the skull and crossbones. One of the pirates is wearing the regulation black patch over his left eye. Another pirate has a peg leg. All the other pirates are in a drunken stupor, having just finished the usual quota of rum. The sharks in the water below are waiting for the victims who soon will walk the plank to a tragic doom. In the third cabin to the left, there is a huge chest filled with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and pieces of eight.

This is the true story of a pirate who killed every member of a crew, but it doesn't follow the standardized version mentioned above. On March 16, 1860, the oyster sloop, E. A. Johnson, left the port of New York for Deep Creek, Virginia, to procure a cargo of oysters. The company on board consisted of Captain Burr, two boys named Oliver and Smith Watts, and a man known as William Johnson. The captain had with him a considerable sum of money. At six o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st, this small sloop was picked up by the schooner Telegraph, of New London, Conn. The sloop was subsequently towed to Fulton Market slip by the steam tug Ceres. Everything on board denoted confusion and violence. Here she was boarded by Captain Weed, of the Second Precinct Police, and Coroner Schirmer, who at once proceeded to make an examination.

The sloop had evidently collided with some other vessel, as was indicated by the damaged condition of the bowsprit and cutwater. The sails were loose upon the deck and it looked as though the devil himself had paid the sloop a visit. The floor, ceiling, benches and furniture in the cabin were stained with blood. There were scattered over the floor, clothing, bedding, and papers, all covered with blood.

Marks of the dragging of some bloody substance from the cabin door to the sides of the rails of the vessel were discernible. The spectacle on board the sloop was ghastly and horrible. The small boat at the stern was discovered to be missing.

John Burke and Andrew Kelly, two men residing at 129 Cedar Street, appeared at the Second Precinct Station House. They stated that Johnson, one of the crew of the sloop, had arrived home the day previous with a considerable quantity of money in his possession. He then had started east with his wife and child. Officer Nevins traced Johnson and family to a house near Providence, R. I., where he arrested them. The man denied that his name was Johnson or that he had ever been on the sloop. He was brought back to New York City where he soon was fully recognized as having belonged to the crew of the E. A. Johnson. A yawl was picked up off the coast of Staten Island and identified as belonging to the unfortunate vessel. A deck hand on the seven o'clock ferry from the island testified to having been accosted by a man answering the description of Johnson, whom he assisted to count a quantity of money into two small bags.

Captain Burr's watch and a picture which a young lady had given to Oliver Watts before sailing, were found in the possession of the prisoner. He was fully recognized by John Burke, who had lived in the same house with him at No. 129 Cedar Street, as well as by several others. All along, the prisoner behaved with the utmost coolness. He declared that his name was not Johnson but Albert E. Hicks and that he had never been on board the sloop.

He was transferred to the custody of United States Marshal Rynders and committed for examination. His trial came off in the following May in the United States Circuit Court. The jury after a deliberation of only seven

minutes, found him guilty of murder and piracy. He was sentenced to be hanged on one of the islands in the bay on Friday, July 13th. While confined in the Tombs, Hicks made a confession.

He described the affair as having occurred at 9:30 or 10 o'clock at night, when Captain Burr and one of the Watts boys were asleep in the cabin. "I was steering at the time," said Hicks, "and the other Watts was on the lookout at the bow." Suddenly the devil took possession of him, and he determined to murder the captain and the crew that very night. Creeping forward softly, he stole upon one of the Watts at the bow, and with one blow, smashed in his skull. The noise attracted the attention of the other Watts, who jumped out of bed and came up the companion-way to see what was the matter. Just at that moment, Hicks struck him a heavy blow on the head with an axe and left him weltering in his blood on the deck. He then went down in search of the captain. Upon entering the cabin, they at once came into conflict. The captain, who was a short, thick set, but very muscular man, grappled with his assailant. There was a long tussle during which the stove was upset. The captain was beginning to get the better of the pirate, when a well directed blow of the axe felled him to the floor. Another blow and he was dead. Hicks then went on deck and taking up the bleeding and helpless man he had left there, threw him over the vessel's side. The man clutched at the taffrail but Hicks hammered away at his hands with the axe and the poor fellow dropped into the sea. The other bodies were then thrown overboard. The captain's money bags were rifled and Hicks headed the sloop for the shore. He used the small boat to make a landing.

When brought back to the Tombs after sentence, a great many people came to see Hicks. Among them was P. T. Barnum, who ran his famous museum. Mr. Barnum asked for a private interview with the prisoner. When Hicks was informed of Mr. Barnum's desire, he asked to see the Warden first. The Warden proceeded to his cell and Hicks asked the object of Mr. Barnum's visit. He was informed that the great showman was desirous of obtaining a plaster cast of his head and bust

for exhibition with other curiosities in the museum.

"Oh," said Hicks, "Barnum's on the make. But if he's a mind to pay for it he can have it. Let him come and I'll make my own bargain with him." Mr. Barnum was accordingly admitted and at the conclusion of the interview he stepped in the office to tell the Warden the results. He had made an agreement with the prisoner to pay him twenty-five dollars and two boxes of cigars. After that, Mr. Barnum left. He returned the same day with artist and the necessary supplies. The artist then made the desired cast.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the day set for the execution, Marshal Rynders, Sheriff Kelly and others entered the cell of the doomed man. He quickly arose and saluted them. The Marshal read the death warrant and told him to prepare himself for the approaching execution. He did this by dressing himself in a suit of blue cottonade, made expressly for the occasion.

He marched out of the prison attended by Father Duranquet, Marshal Rynders, Deputy Marshal Thompson and Sheriff Kelly, all of whom entered the first carriage. In the second carriage were the Deputy Sheriffs and in the other carriages were the police and the gentlemen of the press.

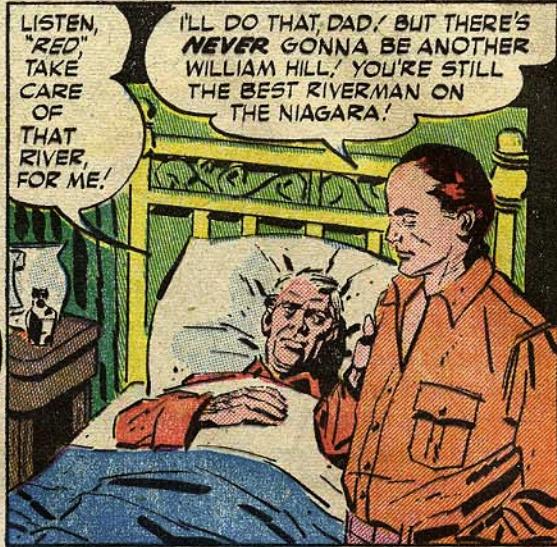
The procession drove quietly to the foot of Canal Street. There they boarded the boat "Red Jacket" for the trip to Bedloe's Island where it was arranged the execution would take place. It was witnessed by about 10,000 people. Hicks maintained his coolness to the last. Immediately on landing on the island, he knelt down and silently prayed for a few moments. Then he proceeded to the scaffold which was about fifteen feet from the shore line. The fatal signal having been given, Hicks was executed at precisely 10:45. For three minutes he struggled severely, but after that, exhibited no signs of pain. The body was allowed to suspend for half an hour, when it was cut down, placed in a coffin, and borne back to the ship.

The remains of Hicks was buried in Calvary Cemetery and so perished New York City's last pirate!

DANGER and ADVENTURE

"RED HILL NIAGARA DAREDEVIL"

OLD WILLIAM HILL WAS NIAGARA'S BEST RIVERMAN! HE WAS CREDITED WITH RECOVERING 177 BODIES CAST UP BY THE RIVER, AND HE HIMSELF WAS A VETERAN OF THREE RIDES THROUGH THE RAPIDS IN A BARREL! IN 1942, AS THE OLD MAN LAY ON HIS DEATHBED, HE CALLED HIS SON "RED" TO HIS SIDE...



IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, RED WAS KEPT BUSY GUIDING THE HUNDREDS OF NIAGARA TOURISTS...

THERE IT IS, FOLKS - THE FALLS! IT'S ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO FEET DOWN TO THE RAPIDS AND ONLY THREE PEOPLE HAVE EVER SURVIVED THE PLUNGE FROM THE TOP!

HOW THRILLING!



IN 1945 AND 1948, RED SHOT THE CHURNING RAPIDS...

RED HILL'S SHOT THE RAPIDS AGAIN!

HE'S GOT NERVES OF IRON: I HEAR HE'S GOING TO TR' THE FALLS NEXT!



ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE LINED THE BANKS WHEN RED EMBARKED IN HIS STRANGE TRUCK-TIRE INNER TUBE CONTRAPTION, LABELED "THE THING" TO SHOOT THE FALLS IN AUGUST, 1951...

I'LL BE PRAYING, FOR YOU, SON!



THE FRAIL CRAFT ROCKETED STRAIGHT OUT FROM THE EDGE OF THE FALLS WITH ENORMOUS SPEED, AND SPED LIKE A BULLET TO THE JAGGED, ROCKY RAPIDS BELOW...



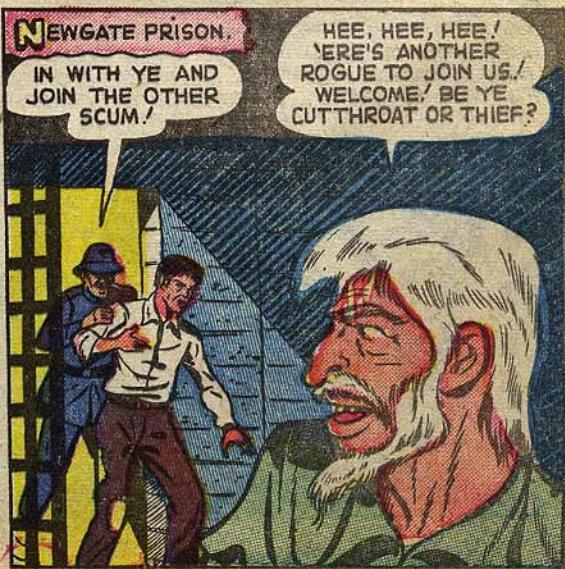
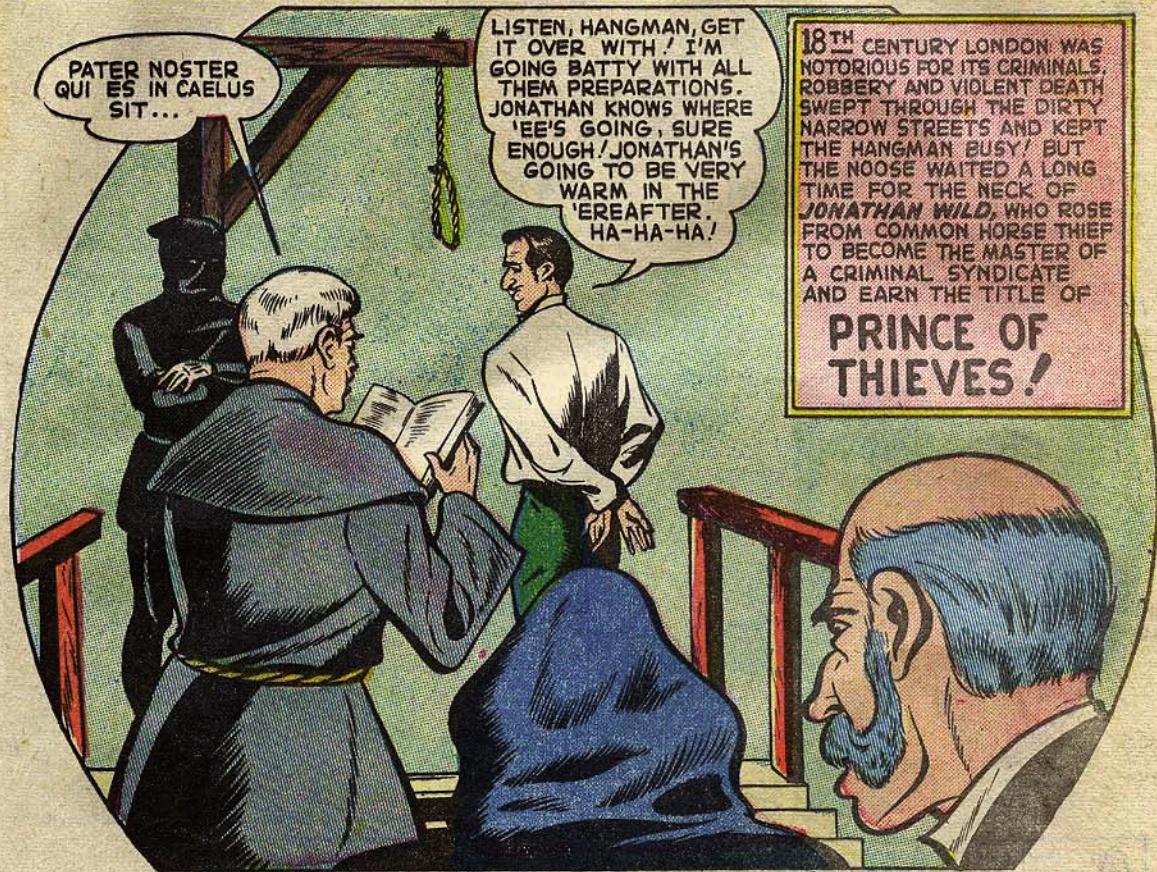
WHEN IT REAPPEARED FROM THE CHURNING, BOILING WATER, "THE THING" WAS A BROKEN, DISORDERED MASS AND RED HAD DISAPPEARED! SIXTEEN HOURS LATER HIS BODY WAS RECOVERED! THE NIAGARA HAD CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM... BUT AS LONG AS THE FALLS STAND THERE BRAVE MEN WOULD DARE ITS DANGERS!



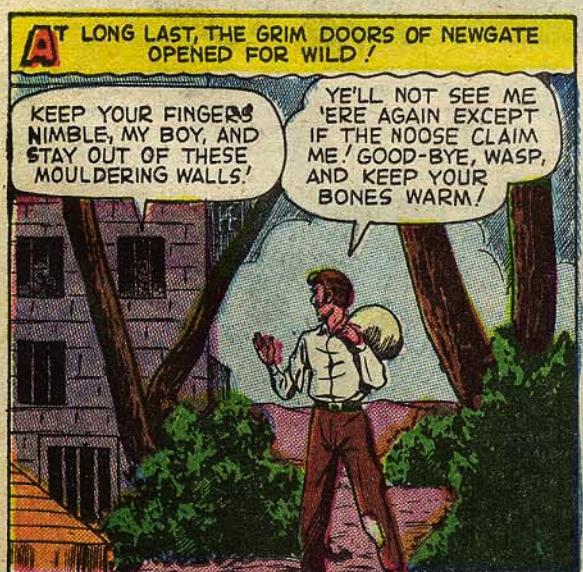
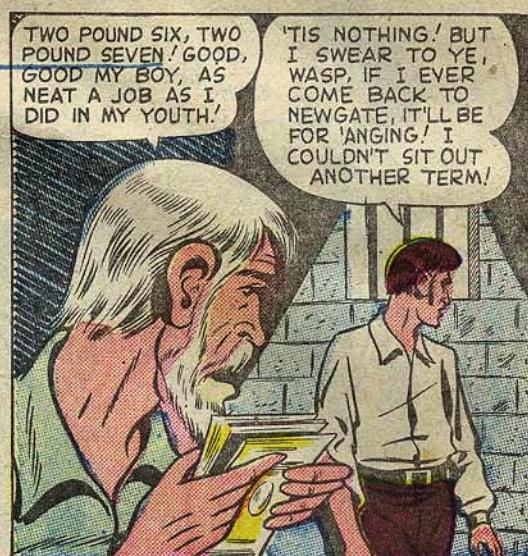
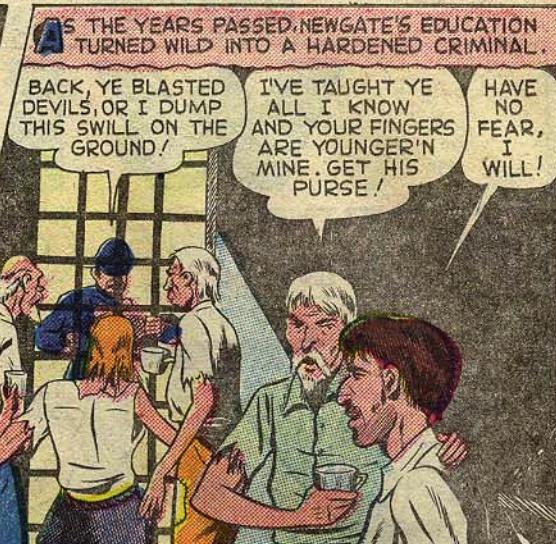
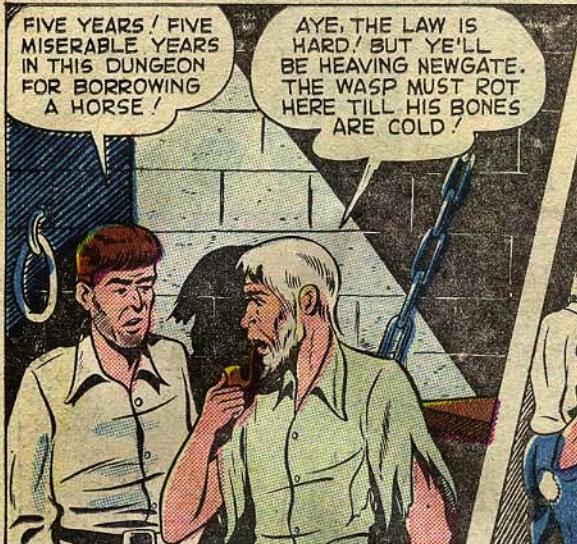
The End

DANGER and ADVENTURE

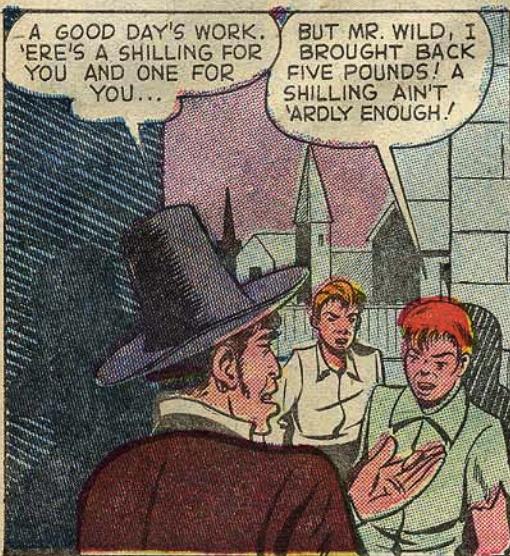
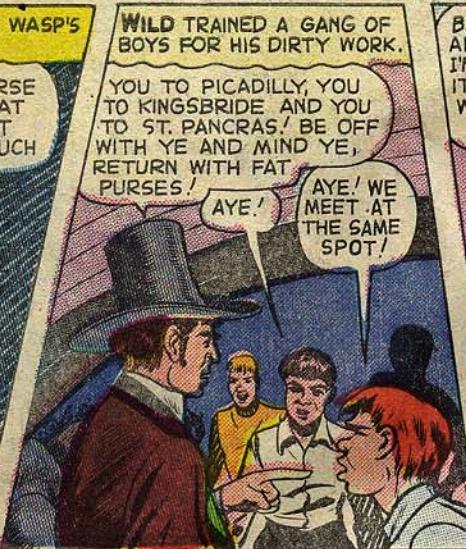
WILD, PRINCE OF THIEVES.



DANGER and ADVENTURE



DANGER and ADVENTURE



DANGER and ADVENTURE

WILD'S REAL BUSINESS LAY BEHIND A DOOR MARKED **PRIVATE**!

THEY'RE FROM LADY ASHLEY'S MANOR. WHAT'RE THEY WORTH TO YE, GOV'NER?

HMM...NOT BAD, DIRK! LET'S SAY FIFTY POUNDS!

WHAAAT? GIVE 'EM BACK! 'TAIN'T WORTH RISKING MY NECK FOR THAT PRICE!

HOLD ON, YOU FOOL! WHAT FENCE EXCEPT WILD WOULD EVEN TOUCH THESE STONES! THINK OF THE RISK I RUN DISPOSING OF THEM!

NOW YOU'RE SENSIBLE! IT'S EASY TO ROB JEWELS, BUT ONLY WILD KNOWS WHERE TO GET RID OF THEM!

MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YE, WILD! GIVE ME THE FIFTY! YE'LL GET IT BACK FROM MY GUZZLING AT THE BLUE BOAR ANYHOW!



WILD ENCOURAGED CRIME SO MUCH THAT PARLIAMENT WAS FORCED TO ACT!

GENTLEMEN! THE REAL MONSTERS ARE THOSE WHO HANDLE THE STOLEN GOODS! WE HAVE NO LAWS AGAINST THESE CRIMINALS!

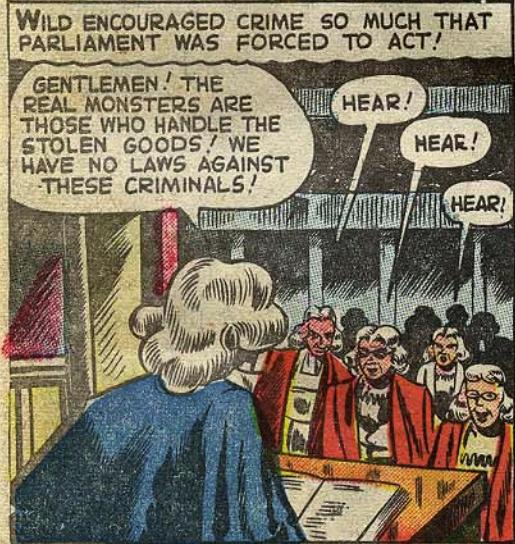
HEAR!

HEAR!

HEAR!

... AND ANY RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS SHALL BE PUNISHED BY 14 YEARS IMPRISONMENT!... ALL THOSE IN FAVOR SAY AYE!

AYE!



EASY, EASY, NOW GOV'NER!

THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO WILD! BREAK UP MY BUSINESS? HAH, I'LL SHOW THEM! BUSHY, CALL THE GANG TOGETHER!

FELLOW ROGUES AND CUTTHROATS! YE THINK WILD IS OUT OF BUSINESS? NAY! THEY CANNOT STOP WILD! IF YE'RE WITH ME I'LL MAKE EVERY MAN JACK OF YE RICH!

THAT'S ALL YE NEED DO! JUST TELL ME WHICH POOR FISH YE SWAGGED THE STUFF FROM AND I'LL DO THE REST! BUT THERE'LL BE NO BRINGING OF LOOT TO THE BLUE BOAR! UNDERSTOOD?



DANGER and ADVENTURE

SOON WILD'S SCHEME WAS OPERATING!

I JUST KNOCKED OFF FIFTY PIECES OF SILVER PLATE. THE NAME'S BARDOW, 12 ASHWORTH MANSION.

GOOD, GOOD! KEEP THE SWAG HIDDEN AND YE'LL HEAR FROM ME SOON! BUSHY, SEE THIS BARDOW AND TELL HIM WE CAN DO HIM A FAVOR!

TELL MR. WILD I'LL PAY HANDSOMELY AND THANK HIM! EVERY PIECE OF PLATE WAS AN HEIRLOOM!

NEVER FEAR, MR. BARDOW, YOUR PLATE WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU AS SOON AS WE CAN ARRANGE A PRICE WITH THE DIRTY THIEF!

THE VERY NEXT DAY...

390-400--- IT'S ALL HERE, MR. WILD AND 20 MORE FOR SERVICES!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID THIS, MR. WILD, BUT I'M VERY GRATEFUL. IT'S WORTH THE FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, GOV'NER. I'M ONLY SORRY WE CAN'T BRING THE THIEF TO JUSTICE!

'ERE, BUSHY! A HUNDRED POUNDS FOR WEGLEY AND WE KEEP THE REST OURSELVES. SMART, I SAY, IT IS!

YOU'RE A BLINKIN' GENIUS, WILD!

WILD'S FAME AS GO-BETWEEN WITH THIEVES GREW! PEOPLE NOW CAME TO HIM AND PLEADED FOR WILD TO GET THEIR STOLEN PROPERTY RETURNED.

NOW THEY COME TO ME, BUSHY! HA, HA, HA! WE'RE BENEFACTORS OF HUMANITY!

JONATHAN WILD, CONFIDENTIAL AGENT FOR RETURN OF STOLEN PROPERTY

GOR, IT'S THE LORD MAYOR HIMSELF! I BEG YOU, BE SEATED, YOUR LORDSHIP!

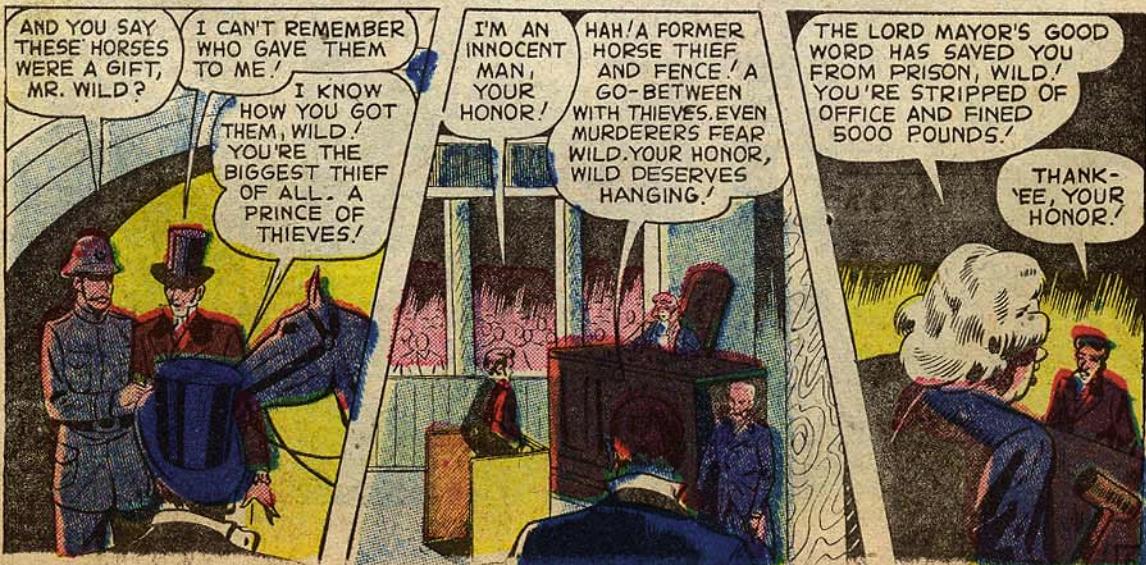
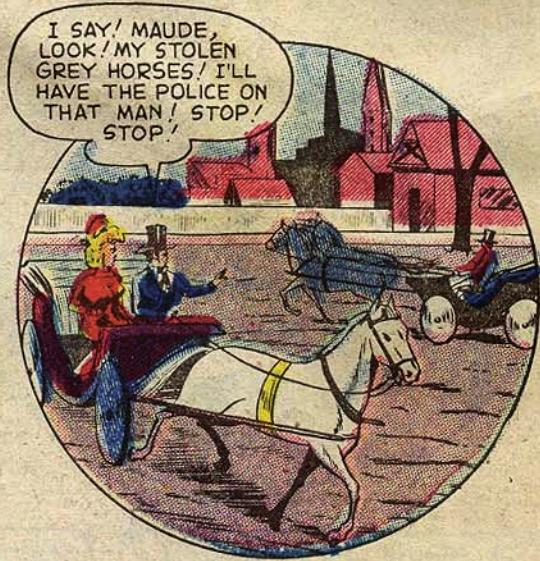
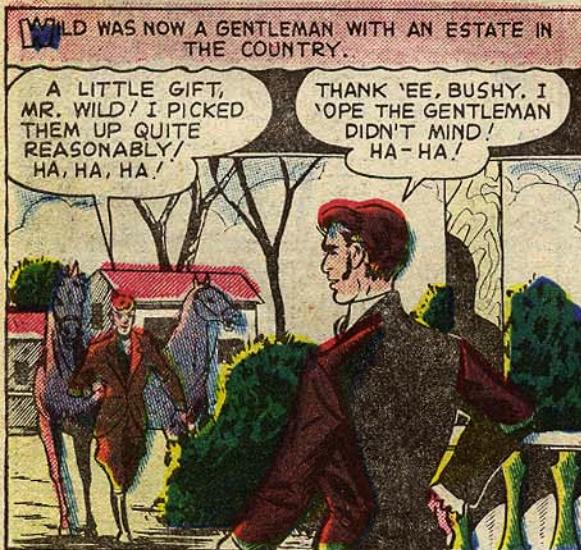
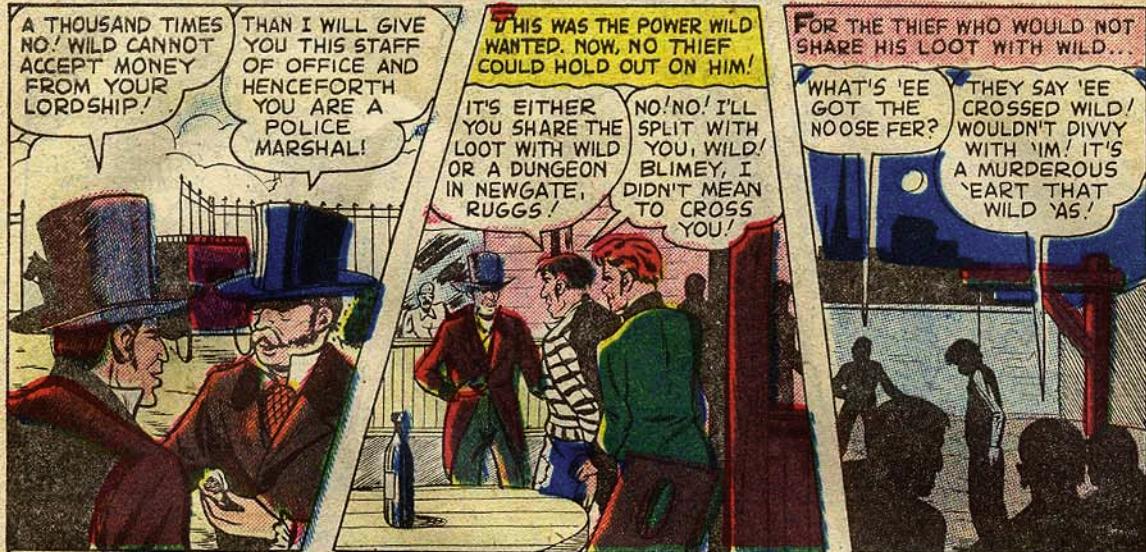
THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSING, MR. WILD, BUT MY COACH HAS JUST BEEN STOLEN! WITH YOUR CONTACTS, I BELIEVE YOU CAN FIND IT!

GIVE ME THREE HOURS, M'LORD, AND IT SHALL BE RETURNED!

TELL THE THIEF, I'LL PAY ANY PRICE. ANY PRICE, YE HEAR!

THE BLOOMIN' FOOLS. NEXT THING, THEY'LL STEAL THE KING'S CROWN! THAT'S GOING IT A BIT!

DANGER and ADVENTURE



DANGER and ADVENTURE

WILD'S POLICE POWER WAS GONE AND THE UNDERWORLD FEARED HIM NO LONGER. BUT NEW DISASTERS WERE IN STORE FOR HIM!



DANGER and ADVENTURE

WILD STILL HAD WEALTH. A SECRET WAREHOUSE HID HIS ILL GOTTEN GAINS!

THEY'LL NOT HANG WILD! IT'S OFF TO FRANCE FOR ME AND A MERRY LIFE!



LEAVING LIKE A BLASTED WHIPPED DOG! WHAT A MISERABLE NIGHT!



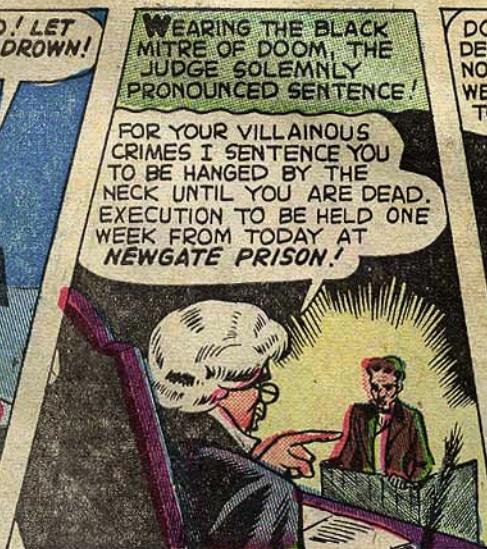
IT'S WILD! DON'T LET THE MURDERER ESCAPE!

NO! LET ME DROWN!



WEARING THE BLACK MITRE OF DOOM, THE JUDGE SOLEMNLY PRONOUNCED SENTENCE!

FOR YOUR VILLAINOUS CRIMES I SENTENCE YOU TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD. EXECUTION TO BE HELD ONE WEEK FROM TODAY AT NEWGATE PRISON!



DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME? NO! IT'S WILD! WELCOME BACK TO NEWGATE!

IT'S SHORT AND SWEET THIS TIME, WASP! IT'S MY NECK THEY'RE AFTER!

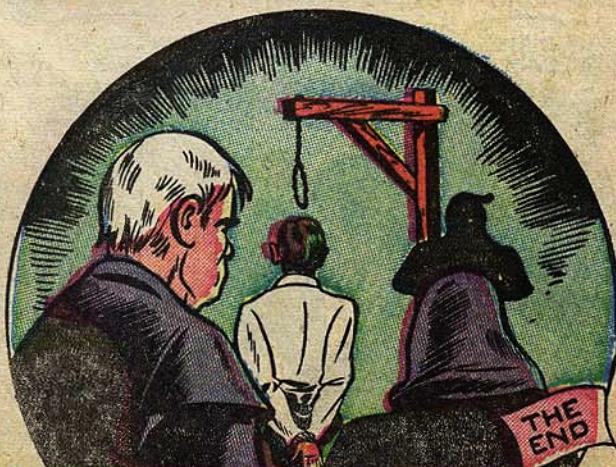


THE WEEK PASSED WITH TORTUROUS SLOWNESS. AT LAST THE FATAL HOUR ARRIVED!

JONATHAN WILD! COME FORWARD!

GOOD-BYE, WASP! KEEP YOUR OLD BONES WARM!

AYE, WILD! MY REGARDS TO ALL OUR FRIENDS BELOW! HA, HA, HA!



THE END

THE SLOW DEATH MARCH ENDED IN THE WAITING NOOSE, AND WILD, PRINCE OF THIEVES, WAS NO MORE!

Now, GET ALL THESE
Buddy 5 PICTURE PACKED
YOU COURSES

FREE

If you
mail
coupon
now
as I did!

HOW in 10 Minutes of Fun a Day

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AN AMAZING NEW**

**3-D HE-
MAN**

Like
We
Did

LOOK
at ME and
MY PALS!

What a
Pitiful lot of
SKINNY
WRECKS like YOU
We were **BEFORE**
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Yes, PAL—**NOW**

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and Get a **NEW**
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TALL SILVER CUP
LIKE WE
DID!

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America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security

I TRAINED THESE MEN

 "Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnystown, Pennsylvania.

 "Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

 "Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

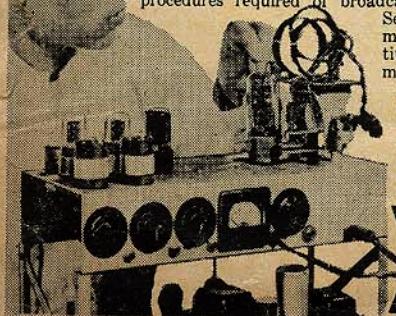
 "Am with WCOOC. N.R.I. course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

 "By graduation, had paid for course, car, testing equipment. I can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

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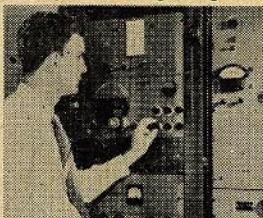


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of discharge



